

Sanity

by Pan Chan

Category: Dragon Ball Z

Genre: Angst, Supernatural

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-04-18 09:00:00

Updated: 2001-02-21 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 16:03:02

Rating: M

Chapters: 6

Words: 13,503

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Pan suffers a rape of mind that no one else can see. Or can they? As the story progresses, her sanity is questioned.

1. Default Chapter Title

> <meta name="ProgId"> RIP

RIP

Krillen

â€|â€|â€|

--

RIP

18

â€| â€| â€|

--

RIP

Marron

â€| â€| â€|

--

I hate you.

Why?

Why do you think?

It's your fault, not mine.

No. Not _my _fault.

Your fault, your fault, your fault! It's all your fault! They're dead and it's because of you! It wouldn't have happened if you didn't totally demolish their house! That's what everyone's thinking- your grandfather, your grandmother, your parents, your uncle, Bra, Trunks, everyone! Thanks a lot, Pan! You should just die!

Shut up!

"Just shut up!" Pan yelled in frustration, clamping her hands over her ears and squeezing her eyes shut. "Shut the fuck up and leave me alone!"

Mrs. Simmons, who was standing by the white board explaining calculus, looked at her with an expression of puzzlement. "Ex_cuse_me?"

Blair, one of Pan's classmates, tapped her shoulder gently. She jumped at the contact, but almost immediately calmed and lowered her hands. "Sorry," she apologized quietly.

"Do you need to see a counselor, dear?" Mrs. Simmons asked.

"No. I'm fine. Sorry," she repeated.

"Well, ok." And with that, she continued with the lesson.

I'm sorry, Pan. You shouldn't die; I'd miss you too much. Forgive me?

No, never.

Well, you'll come around, you always do. Later.

The Krillen-family (I don't know what their last name is) funeral was everything that could contrast the mood. The sun was shining, the blue sky showed off no clouds, and there was a small breeze. Flowers danced in their pots on porches and hanging from rails.

Everyone had showed. They all stood huddled around the coffins- two tall, one short- and the pits they were to be put in. The caskets were in a V formation: 18's and Krillen's on the sides, Marron in the middle. But it looked a little odd because Krillen's was the smallest.

No one cried. Tears ran down nearly everyone's cheeks, but no one really cried. Out of everyone, Trunks and Goku seemed to take it the hardest (Trunks was dating Marron at the time of her death).

Even now, though it had been a couple of days, no one really knew of the circumstances covering their dying. Pan had gone to their house to spend over-night, and everyone slept soundly. The next morning, the house had collapsed and everyone except Pan had died. According to the doctors, she wasn't even hurt. A perfect six-foot square surrounding where she had been sleeping remained untouched. When questioned, she never answer directly, always, "Does it matter

anymore?? They're dead! That's all there is to it!"

Bra buried her face into her brother's side whimpered quietly. Marron had been one of her best friends, and now, just like that, she was gone. Forever. The house-collapse was considered a natural cause of death, so they couldn't be wished backâ€|

Trunks absentmindedly stroked his sister's hair, sighing to himself. His mother behind him sniffed occasionally. His father chose not to come.

For no apparent reason, his gaze turned to the other people who'd shown up: the Son family, Yamcha, Tien, Lunch, and Chaozu, Master Roshi, etc. Everyone looked gloomy, or at least solemn. No one spoke except the preacher.

Everyone was still silent as they piled into their cars when everything was said and done.

Later on that night, Gohan was tossing and turning in bed. Not because of the funeral, but more rather the sound that was coming from down the hall, in Pan's room.

Finally, Videl complained, "Gohan, I can't sleep with you repositioning yourself every minute! It's two in the morning!"

"Sorry. I just hate it when she plays that music so loud when she's supposed to be sleeping."

"You don't like Charlotte Church?"

"Not really. Is that who she's playing? Her voice hurts my ears."

Videl gave a snort. "Better than Blink 182."

"She listens to Blink 182?!"

"Well, yeah."

He looked disgusted, and got out of bed. "Well, I'm gonna ask her to at least turn it down a little."

He strolled down the hall, opened her door slowly so it wouldn't creak as loud, and peeked in. "Pan-chan?"

Still awake, she sat up in her bed and switched on the bed stand lamp. "Yes, toussan?"

"It's two in the morning. Mind turning the music down a bit?"

Pan suddenly looked worried. "Iâ€| I can't."

"Why not?"

"If I turn it down, or turn it off, he'll come," she replied, lower lip quivering.

Gohan sighed, walked over and sat on the side of the bed. "Who'll

come?" he asked, a hint of annoyance in his tone.

"He calls himself Matt. But he changes his name a lot- sometimes Jason, sometimes Rob, once it was Nick," she explained. "And I'm the only one who can see him, no one else can. Please, Dad, don't let him come."

He sighed again. "Pan. I can't sleep with it and anyway you're getting too old to be afraid of imaginary enemies or whatever. Now get some sleep." He turned off the music.

Her face looked miserable, and her hands started shaking with nervousness. "Can you at least stay with me until I go to sleep?" she asked.

Figuring his daughter would fall asleep quickly considering the hour, he agreed, pulled up a chair, and sat by the bed.

Every curve and feature of his body was shown nicely in the lamp's light. He wore nothing- he never had clothes on at night. His hair was pure white, but it didn't make him look old at all, and his eyes shone a brilliant purple-gold color. In short, he was very handsome. Heck, he was beautiful, but he didn't deserve it.

The second the singing was off, he appeared, leaning against the back wall, watching the two.

Pan. How nice to see you tonight.

You wouldn't! Not in front of my dad! €| Would you?

I'll just let him hear you, ok? Not see. Heh. He might become concerned for you. Might think you're crazy. I dunno, it might be interesting.

Please no€| Matt!

Pan opened her eyes, which were now welled up in tears. "Daddy," she whimpered ever so quietly.

"Yes, dear?"

"He's here."

Suddenly, she threw her head back and cried out€| in pain? Her upper body arched upwards at a painful position but her hands remained at the mattress, as if held down. Slowly, her legs spread and went stiff. Her breath had quickened to quick, short gasps and all the while she was yelling things like "Daddy!! Make him stop!!" or, "Ohh!! Oh my God!!" All the words were choked out under sobs and tears flowed from her closed eyes. Her entire body was shivering and her skin went white.

Gohan, meanwhile, was panicking like hell and didn't know what to do. He wasn't sure if she was having a seizure, or what, and even if it was a seizure he didn't know what to do. All he _could_ do was watch, terrified, and shout her name over and over. Once, he tried to grab her arm, but only to yank it back, because her skin was burning hot.

Another time, she started powering up for a Kamehameha to supposedly try and attack her attacker, and, not wanting to be hurt himself, he cried, "Pan! Don't! You'll destroy the house!" Hearing this, she stopped immediately.

Even as the syllables left his mouth, he realized what happened at Krillen's. He stopped yelling and stared at his daughter, who was apparently being raped by an invisible thing. His mind was clouded with anger and denial that Pan could do such a thing. He continued watching her, dumbstruck.

In mid yelp, she stopped, eyes wide, staring at the ceiling. A small choking emerged from her throat and she slowly- so slowly- lowered back down into a lying position. Her legs relaxed somewhat.

"Are you alright, Pan?" Gohan asked.

Her eyes glazed over at him. A sneer that wasn't hers crept over her lips and her eyes narrowed. Her look reminded him very much of Vegeta. After a few moments, she turned over onto her side so that her back was facing her father and evidently fell asleep.

Gohan tried to shake her awake. Her shoulder was so cold he had to check her pulse to assure himself that she wasn't dead. Her face, despite its previous expression, was full of hurt. "Pan"

Pan's body wracked with exhaustion but mostly pain, especially where he'd ripped and bit her, causing blood to flow. Watching her father leave the room, she finally conjured up enough courage to communicate with the boy who now appeared to be wiping himself off with a handkerchief.

What does he see?

You have your clothes on and all that, and right now you're asleep.

So he didn't see anything? Thank Kami

He didn't see what I was doing to you, but he saw your body's reaction to it and what you were yelling the entire time, if that's what you mean. Must've looked disturbing. I'll show you later, but right now I have a girl in South Korea whom I must now grace with my presence. Bye.

After that, he disappeared, along with Pan's wounds, though the pain was still there and was not at all dampened. Her pj's were on in an instant.

She leaned over to her boom box and managed to quietly turn on her Charlotte Church CD, to the "Panis Angelicus" track (her favorite). She put it on close-to-minimum volume. She then cried herself to sleep.

"Sorry that took awhile," Gohan apologized, climbing into bed beside his wife. "Man, can she yell"

"She yelled?" Videl rolled over and looked at her husband. "I didn't hear anything."

"You didn't?? Both of us were yelling, how could you not?"

She rose an eyebrow. "You yelled at her to turn down the music?"

"â€| What? Oh. No, it was somethingâ€| else. I'll tell you in the morning, I guessâ€| You're _sure_ you didn't hear a thing?"

"Positive. I was listening to the crickets outside. There wasn't a sound that came from her room, and you know how well it carries in this house. Now, goodnight, Gohan." She kissed his cheek and went to sleep.

"Goodnight, Videl," he murmured in reply. But his eyes were directed at the door, which was still open to the hall.

Something was very wrong with his daughter.

2. Default Chapter Title

> <meta name="ProgId"> D+

D+.

Pan stared at the grade indifferently. She didn't expect to score very high on the calculus quiz; in fact, she thought she'd do worse than she actually did. All the same, she didn't really care since it was just a stupid test on stupid calculus that would most likely not affect her life in anyway. But, she knew she could have done better had she bothered to study, or pay attention in class, but she couldn't. Not with _him_.

"Hi, Pan," Bra greeted cheerfully as the class filed out of the room and into the hall to their next period. "What'd you get? I got an A-. I think if I tried the extra credit I could have done better."

"I got a D-plus," Pan said.

"â€| Oh, well, I'm sure you'll try harder next time," she suggested, trying to say what a grown-up would. But then she blew it. "Man, you're dad's gonna kill you! When are you gonna show him??"

Her best friend shrugged. "I dunno. He might forget, but my mom won't. As soon as I walk through the door, she'll go 'How'd you do on your test, Pan?' and I'll have no choice but to show her."

"That's pretty sad."

"Yeah."

"I have a choir practice this afternoon, so I won't be seeing _my_ parents until like seven."

"Really? Any chance I could watch or something?" she asked.

"Maybe."

"No, your mother's at the PTA meeting, why?" Gohan asked, not looking up from the computer screen as he typed figures in.

It was 7:30. Her father didn't really mind that she had been late watching Bra, as he'd just assumed she'd been out with some friends, possibly studying.

"Well, um, we kinda had a math test today," Pan stumbled. "And, well, I didn't score as high as I thought I would"

"I'm sure you did fine. Let me see," he said as he stopped typing and got up from his chair.

"Ok" She fumbled through her pack and retrieved the wrinkled piece of paper, then handed it to her father.

He stared at it a long moment before saying anything. When he did, it was very calm, and very quiet. "Do you think you could have done better?"

"Yes."

"What do you think we could do to improve this?"

"Um" I could study harder?" Pan was confused at her father's reaction.

"How about this. You let me get a tutor for you, and I won't tell your mother about this. Deal?"

A tutor! Pan thought. _Does he think I'm stupid, just because of one grade? I'm not dumb! Erg... But, if he doesn't tell Mom, maybe it'll be worth it_

--

"Deal. But, Dad, we can't afford a tutor," she reminded.

"We'll figure out something." And with that, he went back to typing.

Matt?

Yes?

Are" Are you done?

He had stayed inside her nearly five minutes without making the slightest movement except in continuously kissing everywhere on her face except her lips. She was a bit surprised that he wasn't being at all rough with this, much more passionate than she would have thought capable of him.

I guess so.

He pulled out of her gently and sat at the side of the bed. He then looked her over, making sure he hadn't done any permanent damage and that she'd be ready for him the following night.

You're staying longer than usual. Why?

Wellâ€¦ That girl in South Korea? She freaked. I wasn't as careful as I should have been, and she went raving at some school of hers and now she's in some mental facility. A pity, really.

That's sad.

She scowled angrily. She didn't like Matt and she was certain she never would.

Well, that's how it usually ends. I can't do much with them when they have straight jackets on, so I have no choice but to abandon them and move on. Those who don't end up like that go suicidal. Always one of the two.

He sighed and closed his eyes, as if saddened by all the deaths, both physical and mental, he himself had caused. Pan almost felt sorry for him. Almost.

That's horrible. But you didn't have to abandon them. You could've stayed with them, maybe, comforted them. It's cruel of you to just ditch them like that. As for the suicide, if you didn't rape them in the first place, it wouldn't even have happened.

Do you presume that's news to me? I've been doing this a long time, Pan, I know what happened to them is my fault. But what happened to Marron and Krillen and 18, that was entirely yours.

A lump formed in Pan's throat and a glare passed over her face. She was always angry when someone mentioned them, especially when Matt blamed the entire occurrence on her. But she couldn't think of anything to say, because when she really thought of it, it was her fault.

Iâ€¦ I meanâ€¦

Look, I'm wasting time here, talking to you. I gotta go find a new girl. Later.

He disappeared, and Pan's clothing, as always, were instantly on her. He'd been so careful with her that night that he didn't even cause her to bleed.

She lay face up on her bed, and didn't cry. She didn't even turn Charlotte Church on. For once, she didn't need it.

Dear Diary,

--

I'll try to keep this entry short. Matt just left and it's nearly two. Again. This time my parents are asleep, thank Kami, and I hope neither of them will have to witness what I go through again, or else I'll end up in the mental hospital just like the girl from Korea._

Matt's being much more gentle with me recently. I think maybe if I keep up my good behavior, he'll go away? Maybe. I'm kinda mad at myself for giving in to him, I mean, after all I've been through, I can't stand up to a guy who doesn't even have a power level? Am I being a wimp?_

_ Oh, and completely off the topic, Dad's getting me a tutor. Yeah. Just because I almost failed one test. And since we can't exactly afford one, he's probably gonna hire Bra or Mrs. Briefs or Grandma or someone else that'd be embarrassing. As if he can't tutor me himself._

_ I'm tired now. I think I'll play the CC CD tomorrow night really quietly, so Matt won't come. I'm really getting sick of him. But tonight we actually had a conversation more than four lines long. I think I'm becoming curious of him. Kami, help me; I think I have a crush!! Going out with _him_ would be a fate worse than death! Am I going crazy? Am I a crazy, stupid wimp?!_

_ This entry's longer than I wanted it and it probably doesn't even make sense. Oh well. Good night, Diary._

--

Pan

3. Default Chapter Title

> <meta name="ProgId">

"Mr. Briefs, Mrs. Briefs is on line 15," chirped Ivy, Trunks' secretary, over the phone.

"Ok, thanks," he replied, pushing the little button. "Hi, Kasaan."

"Hello, Trunks-kun, how's business?" she asked.

"Um, fine!" He glanced at the stacks of papers and what not on his desk and winced. "Could be better."

"Good. Say, you aren't busy on Saturdays, are you?"

Trunks looked over at his calendar. Weekends were usually his days off, to either hang around with Goten or spend time with his current girlfriend, which, at the moment, he didn't have. Since Marron "left" he didn't feel ready to go out again just yet.

"Not particularly, why?"

She told him what she wanted him to do. "You will be able to, won't you?"

He sighed inwardly. He didn't really want to do what his mother was asking of him, but he also didn't have anything better to do. And anyway, he hadn't really talked to Pan recently, maybe it was a good idea after all.

"Sure, I'll tutor Pan!"

Pan's Angelicus

> Fit panis hominum;
 Dat panis coelicus
> Figuris terminum
 O res mirabilis,
> Manducat Dominum.
 Pauper, pauper,

> Sevus et humilisâ€|<p>

Rachel Parker tossed her long, blond hair behind her and grinned as the last note left her throat and the choir went silent. For this song, she was the soloist, Bra being her alternate, though the chance of Bra ever being able to fulfill her duties as one was slim.

"Good job, Rachel," the conductor, Mrs. Wright, commended. "Make sure you open that mouth as big as you can, dear. And altos, I really need you to give it your all, ok? And tenorsâ€|"

"She's not as good as you say," Matt remarked, sitting next to Pan in the empty audience chairs (the choir practiced in the auditorium). "You're probably better, or that blue-head friend of yours." He wore white slacks and a black sleeveless shirt that wasn't really a tank top; apparently he wasn't in the mood to "do it" with girls that day so he spent much of the afternoon with Pan, visible.

Pan snorted. "Yeah, right. My voice could break windows, literally. And Bra's really good, but Rachel could go pro with that voiceâ€|. And they're singing _my _song!" she growled in mock anger.

"Would you like to sing in her place?"

"Hell, yeah! That'd be great! But I couldn't," she replied, shaking her head. "Not with my voice."

"Not with your voice," he agreed. "But you could still sing it if you wanted to."

She turned to him with an expression of half annoyance and half curiosity. "How?"

"Let me show you." Suddenly, he leaned over and gave her a quick kiss on the lips, during which he blew his breath into her. It was ice cold and at first lingered in her mouth until she gasped from surprise, and it went down and stayed in her throat, in her vocal cords.

A few girls in the choir happened to see that and giggled. Matt grinned and winked at them, and about three blushed. Trunks, who was sitting in the front row, looked back at him, seemingly skeptical.

"What the hell did you do??" Pan hissed angrily.

He opened his mouth to reply, but then Trunks appeared standing next to her. "We have to go," he said. "The rehearsal's done and your dad said for you to be back at seven."

"Ok. See you, Matt." She got up and she, Trunks, and Bra left.

"Rachel Parker," Matt muttered a few minutes later, taking out pocket notebook and wrote the name down. "Blonde with nice bodyâ€| Satan City, Japanâ€|"

"I'm doing it just like you said," Pan argued, working out the figure.

"Well, here's your problem," Trunks pointed out, indicating one of the symbols. "You're not supposed to-"

"Your hand is shaking," Pan interrupted.

"What?" he asked, annoyed and wanting to get the tutoring over with. It was after the choir rehearsal now and they were at Capsule Corp., sitting on the sofa in the living room. "No it's not. Now, listen-"

"You're still sad about Marron," she said, sounding guilty. She leaned back against the couch and sighed.

He gritted his teeth, partially from overwhelming annoyance but mostly from anger. "So what if I am?? Look, Pan, we're not here to discuss my personal feelings, ok? We're here for you, and frankly, I just want to get this done."

"Okâ€¦ But Trunksâ€¦"

"What now?" He sighed and turned to her.

"Do you miss her?"

"Pan. Of course I do," he replied. "Happy now? Can we move on?"

"Alright."

"Ok. So, anyway, what your problem isâ€¦" And so the tutoring session continued.

Pan tried to pay attention. She knew that Trunks was really trying to get her to learn this, either that or he was just in a hurry.

To do what? she wondered. Maybe he has a new girlfriend who's waiting for him at some crummy theatre. No, I don't think so, he wouldn't get one so quickly, not after Marron. Maybe he's just annoyed with meâ€¦ Well shit.

"There, now you try," he said after explaining calculus ****again****. He wrote out a sample problem and handed her the pencil.

She took it and, after staring at the problem a few moments, wrote out the answer.

He looked on, at first seeming skeptical, then surprised, eyebrows raised. "You did that in your head?"

"What? Oh," she looked at the paper, seeming equally surprised. "I guess I did."

"Wowâ€¦ Well, it's correctâ€¦ That's brilliant, Pan, good job." He stood up. "I guess that's enough for today, I'll drive you home if you want."

"Sureâ€¦"

Just then Bra strolled in. "You're done? Great! Come on, Pan, my mom says you can stay the night if it's ok with your parents!"

"Ok!" Pan replied, and she and her best friend went into the kitchen to get the phone.

"'Toussan? Hi," she greeted after dialing. "We're done with the tutoring, andâ€¦ No, Trunks said he could take me, but listenâ€¦ I'm calling 'cuz I need to ask you something! Can I spend the night at Bra's?â€¦ Daddyâ€¦ Yeah, Trunks-kun says I'm doing greatâ€¦ Thanks! Bye." She hung up and turned to her friend. "He said it's ok. So what do you wanna do?"

"Go to the mall!" declared Bra, grabbing Pan by the arm and rushing out the door.

"I'm so bored," Goten whined through the receiver. "There's nothing to do here except watch Mom cook and Dad eat."

"Yeah, well, you don't have to tutor an annoying teenager who'd rather be doing whatever it is Pan's doing with her spare time, do you?" Trunks replied. "Have you seen her boyfriend? He's weirdâ€¦"

"I didn't know she had one. She's been kind of out of it lately. Well, anyway, what are you doing tomorrow? I got sweet tickets to the Demon's game and-"

"Hold on, Bra's yelling at me for somethingâ€¦ Call you back later, ok?"

"Sure."

Trunks hung up and jogged downstairs to where Bra was calling him.

"Trunks!" she wailed upon seeing him. She and Pan were huddled on the kitchen tiled floor surrounded by bags and miscellaneous clothing items. "I can't find the scissors!" She held up a pair of black, thick-heeled sandals with the tags still dangling.

He sighed. "Can't you just rip it off?"

"What?! But it might damage them!" she cried.

"Fine." He walked over and fumbled around in a drawer, looking for it. "I don't see why you can't do thisâ€¦"

Bra shrugged and turned to Pan. "I told you he was lazy."

"I think he's just stubborn," she replied, grinning.

Trunks pretended not to have heard them. "Ehâ€¦ Weren't the scissors in your room, Bra? As I recall, you were cutting your Barbie's hair."

"Ohâ€¦ right," she said sheepishly, jogging off with flushed cheeks.

"Girls," he muttered, walking off.

That wasn't very nice.

Pan spun around, just to see you-know-who sitting in a chair, eating an apple and scowling. He still wore his clothes, though the shirt was dampened on his chest.

What're you doing here??

Eating. Oh, that Rachel chick? She's cool. Very eager for me to bless her with my presence.

He grinned. Pan scowled.

Well, then, if she likes it so much, maybe you should spend more time with _her _and less with me?

Nah. I can't you off that easy.

Within a second, he was right in front of her, kissing her with his tongue dancing in her mouth and his hands feeling through her clothes. Pan squealed and tried to pull away, but, as always, it was no use, so all she could do was accept what was happening to her and hope Bra wasn't come back any time soon.

Bra didn't know what to think: whether her friend was really perverted or was really bad at push-ups. All in all, it was a disturbing sight. Pan was crouched down on all fours, breathing hard and in shudders with beads of sweat rolling down her face. Every once in awhile, she'd give a sort of half-grunt-half-moan.

After a few moments of this, she collapsed and just lay there atop the clothes, her breathing now returning to normal. Bra walked over. "Hey, you ok?"

"Yeahâ€¦ I'm fineâ€¦" She got up. "Sorry."

"It's ok. Mind telling me what you were doing?"

"You wouldn'tâ€¦ I meanâ€¦ Never mind," she stuttered. "Can I talk to Trunks?"

"Sure. TRUNKS!!!" Bra yelled at the top of her lungs. "GET YOUR BUTT DOWN HERE!!!"

There was a small thumping noise as he stomped back down the stairs. "What now?" he asked wearily.

"Pan wants to talk to you," Bra replied, picking up her belongings from the floor and left.

Trunks sighed and walked over so he was somewhat near Pan. "Yes?"

She didn't answer at first, just studied his eyes, making him feel awkward. After a few moments she looked down at the ground. "Iâ€¦."

"Yes, Pan, what?" What patience he did have left just then disappeared. Goten was waiting for him on the phone and frankly he didn't see any point in talking to Pan if she stuttered. But then she finally answered.

"I killed Marron, Trunks-kun."

4. Default Chapter
Title